

## HE KNEW WHICH

Dull and gray was the afternoon. Slowly, with reluctant footsteps, Walter William made his way toward the Sunday school. If the truth be told in one fell swoop, he was not a lover of Sunday school, and, were it not for parental compulsion, would easily have found some other way of congenially passing the time.

And so often happens when one is down in the dumps, another bitter blow was in store for Walter William. He had two beautiful new pennies, one for the Sunday school, and its brother for the purpose of buying sweets, or some similar delicacy.

Unhappily, he lost one of the bright new coins, and in due time reported the event at the maternal headquarters.

"But, Walter, which of the two pennies did you lose?"

Back came the reply, like a rifle bullet:

"Oh, the Sunday school one, mother, of course!"

## IN THE SOUP

Fairly reeking of the salt sea waves, the two old mariners strolled into a cheap restaurant and ordered a dinner. They were captain and mate ashore after a long trip.

In a few minutes the somewhat grimy waiter appeared, and, with an airy flourish, deposited before the sea-dogs two plates of some thin, anaemic-looking liquid.

"Ahoy, there!" barked the skipper as his eye fell upon the concoction. "What in the name

ADOLF MM



of Neptune is this?"

The waiter bowed gracefully, arranged his napkin in the proper position, and replied, in lordly tones:

"Soup, sir."

Then it was that the grizzled captain flew into such fits of laughter that he nearly brought tears to his eyes.

"Bill," he cried, giving the mate a mighty nudge, "here's news, my lad! Here's you an' me these forty years bin sailin' on—soup!"

The Tenant—That cellar I've rented off you is full of rats.

Landlord—Great goodness, man! What do you expect for \$1 a week—white mice?